

Numb

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Summary: The day that Amber looked into the mirror and saw her mother's reflection, she knew that something needed to be changed.

Numb

I've been wanting to write something like this for a while, and have been working on this for a few days. I hope you enjoy.

Based on the song "Numb" by Linkin Park. The lyrics included are from that song.

* * *

>Amber could never have been the daughter that Velma wanted. From the moment she came into the world, something about her had never been good enough. And even though Amber had been born more beautiful than most babies, she still hadn't been perfect enough. Even with the wispy blonde hair that crowned her head, and eyes as blue as crystal that peered back at her mother, she hadn't been good enough. She wasn't exactly sure what she'd been hoping for with a daughter, but Amber was not it. As a baby, she demanded far more attention than Velma was willing to give, and she hated the way her tiny, pink body would squirm relentlessly until she was fed, or changed, or burped.

Amber didn't realize it, of course, until she was much older, but she could do no right in her mother's eyes. If she got a good grade in school, Velma reminded her that brains weren't as important as beauty. If she got runner up in a pageant, Velma would scold her for losing. She hadn't tried hard enough. With Velma, enough was never enough. She had always wanted to please her mother; she assumed all children did. Even though the hateful words Velma spat at her made her feel awful, she had never stopped loving Velma. She had never stopped trying to be the best daughter that she could possibly

be; had never stopped trying to make her mother finally love her.

It didn't take any dramatic event to make Amber realize that Velma was not who she wanted to be. Velma hadn't beaten her within an inch of her life, she hadn't even screamed at her. She had, in fact, been rather docile with her for the past few weeks, and Amber was feeling good about it. She had just won the Miss Hairspray pageant for the second time, and Velma couldn't have been happier. Amber had thought, just for a moment, she'd get a hug, or a kiss, but no. That wasn't how Velma showed her affection. Instead, she got more dance lessons, more time to work on hair and make-up. Velma had finally succeeded in molding Amber into the person she had always wanted her to be, and had done such a good job of it that on one fateful night, when she glanced into the mirror before going to bed, it wasn't her reflection that she saw; it was her mother's. It lasted for only the shortest second, but that was enough to tell her that something was wrong.

I'm tired of being what you want me to be
> Feeling so faithless lost under the surface
 Don't know what you're expecting of me
> Put under the pressure of walking in your shoes
 Every step that I take is another mistake to you_

Even with the sickness she felt at the thought of becoming her mother, there wasn't much she could do about it. Her days were spent at the studio, and her nights were spent at their home, but they were always the same. Dance, diet, dance. Primp, primp, primp. She hated the way her life, even at sixteen, was a constant monotony of the same routine, over and over. Her mother never seemed to tire of it, and of course, why would she? Anything to mold her daughter into the perfect woman; anything to eventually win the coveted Miss Baltimore Crabs title. That was, after all, why she had procreated in the first place. Like mother, like daughter.

Though she hated the way her life was, she never complained. She hadn't had anyone to complain to. Her father had been dead for years, and Link didn't care. He spent more time in front of the mirror than Amber did, bathing in the beauty of his own reflection. None of the council girls would talk to her; they all considered her a miniature Velma, someone who would use their every word against them at the first opportunity she got. Of course, her mother reveled in this fact, but it hurt Amber. It made her feel like an outcast; and even though she was the main dancer on the show, always surrounded by the other girls and boys, she was completely alone.

Alone until Corny began to notice the change in her, from teenager to young lady.

I've become so numb I can't feel you there
> Become so tired so much more aware
 I'm becoming this all I want to do
> Is be more like me and be less like you

Their tangled mess of a relationship had begun in the heat of one passionate moment, and had led to a intense kiss, one that left both of them weak in the knees. She had never experienced anything as powerful as her attraction to him, and the fact that her mother

despised him with every cell in her body made him simply irresistible to her. She wanted to brush against his skin while they danced; wanted to let her hands work over his body, wanted to make him moan her name in the throes of ecstasy. Every eye roll her mother gave him, every flick of her wrist she had dismissed him with, it made Amber want him more; made her want to get tangled up in the mess of emotions, and the mess of his sheets.

And then one day, she had. Although it didn't happen in either of their beds, but on the couch in his dressing room, after one show. Neither of them had expected it, or planned it, but it happened, and though she wanted to think about him, and how good all of the overwhelming sensations felt, she couldn't stop thinking about how angry her mother would be. That thought made her push deeper against him, cry out louder as she felt him releasing himself inside of her. Afterwards, they rested upon each other, kissing each other's sticky bodies and attempting to catch the breath that they had lost moments ago. And though she enjoyed the feel of being so intimately close to someone, the feeling of being so completely full of another person, she couldn't stop thinking about how outraged her mother would be if she came in right now, and saw them like this, their arms and legs entangled into one another, him nuzzling into her neck. And when she felt herself smiling at the idea of her mother's eyes bulging out of their sockets, the vein in her forehead pounding, she turned her face into the crook of his neck. His fingers stroked her hair, and she had no doubt that he assumed she was smiling because of him.

_Can't you see that you're smothering me
> Holding too tightly afraid to lose control
 Cause everything
that you thought I would be
> Has fallen apart right in front of you

And though it was the irony of all ironies, the one thing that had interrupted the perfect life Velma had laid out for herself, was also what stopped Amber dead in her tracks. She hadn't meant to get pregnant. Of course she hadn't, especially not at seventeen, and not by Corny Collins. It was just one of the many things that Amber hadn't taken precautions with, and when she found herself listening to the doctor's words, she realized that this, her rebellion against Velma, had gone farther than she'd ever expected it to go. She and Corny had been sleeping together for several months, and she'd never thought of using protection, because it just didn't seem necessary. The idea of accidentally becoming pregnant had never crossed her mind, and she knew that as soon as Velma found out, she'd be forced to face a fate worse than death. Corny hadn't wanted her to tell Velma, of course, but what choice did she have?

Velma had been furious. She'd smacked Amber so hard that she'd ended up on the floor, clutching her cheek as Corny stepped up to Velma, speaking to her in the most hurtful tone he could muster. He'd been fired immediately, of course, and had told her that she'd have him arrested unless he could make sure she never saw either, or all three of them, ever again. They had disappeared quickly from town, and though her belly was swollen and it hurt her feet, Amber continued going to school. She wouldn't let her head hang, didn't listen to the nasty comments people spread about her in the halls.

And, at the end of the day, when she would undress and look into the mirror, Corny would come to stand behind her, and they would place their hands on her large belly, not at all resentful of the child

inside. And Amber knew that that, the fact that she already loved the child that had had interrupted all the dreams Velma had made for her, was the best way she could ever have defied her mother.

_And I know

> I may end up failing too
 But I know

> You were just like me with someone disappointed in you

_I've become so numb I can't feel you there

> Become so tired so much more aware
 I'm becoming this all I want to do

> Is be more like me and be less like you

End

file.